

THE POET LAUREATESHIP CONTEST.

—

Tennyson's Greatest Lyric.

—

Come into the garden, Maid,
For the blackbird and I, both down,
Come into the garden, Maid,
I'm here in the gale alone!
Ah, it's just I could not do with HAROLD,
For us to swing on, mine own!

—

There too is a splendid tear
From the passion flower at the gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear!
She is coming, my life, my fate—
Come to me, to bring me the sun—
Without which we can't live,
For love in a cottage, well we know,
Needs the sun, needs the sun!

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Brooklyn Schutzen Corps, Captain, with band.